

June 10 / West 1964  
716 1/2 St  
East St Louis Illinois  
62203

My Dear Friend Jack Ruby,

Excuse me for writing again but I saw this  
birthday card which I felt sure would please you and  
so here it is. I had a grown cat just like this while  
John Harquin was alive. She was like a dog when it  
came to trotting along beside us when I walked to the  
bus with John. When he left to go out on his freight  
train down to Covington, La.

My goodness, one thing for sure, when you  
are back again (looks like it may be soon) every time you  
see a friendly cat, you will no doubt think of the  
name Variable Harquin.

It is so gentle for you having brothers and sisters,  
I never had any brothers nor sisters nor children.  
I have no close friends and relatives except you (I hope I  
aren't lost your friendship) & Mance. She was born 27 June 1894.  
She died she is not living. I do have two aunts, Miller Queen  
(Cameo & Chicago) but I am not fond of them. Papa & mama have  
been my world since 1941 when I lost John Harquin. So I was a  
stray, I had no living Papa 18 June 1962 (when he was 88 yrs old &  
16 yrs old). His funeral home near Papa's kept my cool aunts &  
I then laughed & talked. I didn't feel like talking as I sat away  
from them & merely shook my head when they ordered me  
to take a chair closer to them. I felt I would burst out  
crying any moment. I sat staring at Papa's face & the casket  
& he I think their gay chatter cut off. I left and went  
to the toilet & then down the hall. Some hands were alone  
when I gave way to my heartbreak & was lost in a flood of tears.  
I was alone - I was having none of the other women suddenly  
those two severe aunts like a couple comets burst in &  
regaled me relentlessly for giving way to crying. They threw  
a lot of the blame back at me - when all I wanted was to feel loved.